

## Meeting a Fellow Treasurer-Hunter: Aphra's Encounter with Phee, Mayhem, and the Pabu Crisis

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/71039636) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/71039636>.

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| Rating:          | <a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
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| Categories:      | <a href="#">F/F</a> , <a href="#">Gen</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
| Fandoms:         | <a href="#">Star Wars: Doctor Aphra (Comics)</a> , <a href="#">Star Wars: The Bad Batch (Cartoon)</a> , <a href="#">Star Wars - All Media Types</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
| Relationships:   | <a href="#">Phee Genoa &amp; CT-9902</a>   <a href="#">Tech</a> , <a href="#">Phee Genoa &amp; Omega (Star Wars: The Bad Batch)</a> , <a href="#">CT-21-0408</a>   <a href="#">CT-1409</a>   <a href="#">Echo &amp; CT-9901</a>   <a href="#">Hunter &amp; Omega (Star Wars: The Bad Batch)</a> & <a href="#">CT-9902</a>   <a href="#">Tech &amp; CT-9903</a>   <a href="#">Wrecker</a> , <a href="#">Magna Tolvan / Chelli Lona Aphra</a> [Past]                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |
| Characters:      | <a href="#">Chelli Lona Aphra</a> , <a href="#">Phee Genoa</a> , <a href="#">CT-9902</a>   <a href="#">Tech</a> , <a href="#">0-0-0 (Star Wars)</a> , <a href="#">BT-1 (Star Wars)</a> , <a href="#">Omega (Star Wars: The Bad Batch)</a> , <a href="#">CT-9901</a>   <a href="#">Hunter</a> , <a href="#">CT-21-0408</a>   <a href="#">CT-1409</a>   <a href="#">Echo</a> , <a href="#">CT-9903</a>   <a href="#">Wrecker</a> , <a href="#">Magna Tolvan</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |
| Additional Tags: | <a href="#">Sintember 2025</a> , <a href="#">Crack Crossover</a> , <a href="#">Queer Themes</a> , <a href="#">Treasure Hunting</a> , <a href="#">Pabu Island (Star Wars)</a> , <a href="#">The Archium (Star Wars)</a> , <a href="#">Blasters (Star Wars)</a> , <a href="#">Kidnapping</a> , <a href="#">Artifacts</a> , <a href="#">Mentioned Sana Starros</a> , <a href="#">The Bad Batch - Freeform</a> , <a href="#">injection</a> , <a href="#">Truth Serum</a> , <a href="#">Galactic Empire (Star Wars)</a> , <a href="#">Star Wars Galactic Empire Era</a> , <a href="#">Interrogation</a> , <a href="#">Robots</a> , <a href="#">Tattoos</a> , <a href="#">Useless Lesbians</a> , <a href="#">Theft</a> , <a href="#">Exes</a> , <a href="#">Disaster Lesbians</a> , <a href="#">LGBTQ Themes</a> , <a href="#">Canon Lesbian Character</a> , <a href="#">Past Relationship(s)</a> , <a href="#">Tricksters</a> , <a href="#">Wordcount: 1.000-5.000</a> , <a href="#">One Shot</a> , <a href="#">Destruction of Kamino</a> , <a href="#">Chaos</a> , <a href="#">Moral Ambiguity</a> , <a href="#">Moral Bankruptcy</a> , <a href="#">Killer Robots</a> , <a href="#">be gay do crime</a> , <a href="#">I have no idea what a Pabu-Cat is, but I think its kinda like one of those creatures on Lothal?</a> , <a href="#">or something</a> , <a href="#">Tricks</a> , <a href="#">Podfic Welcome</a> |
| Language:        | English                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
| Collections:     | <a href="#">Sintember 2025</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
| Stats:           | Published: 2025-09-22 Words: 3,546 Chapters: 1/1                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |

# Meeting a Fellow Treasurer-Hunter: Aphra's Encounter with Phee, Mayhem, and the Pabu Crisis

by [lefemmerouge2](#)

## Summary

Phee goes to a planet in search of an artifact to complete the museum/archive in Pabu. She soon comes across a woman with questionable morals, along with cutting humor, fast talk, and developed talents. These allow her to reactivate old items, which she either wants to turn into weapons or sell for her own profit. Coming across this woman not only changes Phee's life, but that of all those who live on Pabu, with chaos soon to follow...

## Notes

There's been a \*lot\* of fics with Phee, but none bring together both of them. I was inspired to write this after seeing the official Star Wars Databank [calls Aphra](#) one of the most "daring treasurer hunters" in the galaxy (she is also said to be "endlessly inventive and completely unpredictable...[and a] rogue archaeologist [who] studied at the University of Bar'leth where she received her doctorate under duress" and notes she goes on misadventures, and ends by saying that "despite questionable morals and equally bad judgment, her luck hasn't run out yet") while [saying](#) that Phee is a "treasure hunter and adventure-seeker with an eye for priceless artifacts" who sees herself as a "liberator of ancient wonders rather than a pirate" and is a friend of Omega, and the Bad Batch, even "developing a special affinity for Tech" while becoming a "trusted ally and friend to the squad." I thought about it, and this fic falls into the "Outcast", "Mistake" and "I love you" prompts [for Sintober](#), and \*possibly\* "True Freedom" in some ways.

Also, for the second time in an Aphra fic, I had Chelli call Magna "Tolvie" as a nickname. Perhaps it is becoming a bit of a nickname(?). It is kinda on-brand for her to use for Magna, just to mess with her, I think. I originally rated this fic "mature" but after re-reading it, I changed it to Teen and Up, as that seemed to be a more appropriate rating.

This fic was cross-posted on [Squidge World](#), [Wattpad](#), and [Quotev](#). For the latter two, the chapters with the fic will be entitled "Aphra's Encounter with Phee, Mayhem, and the Pabu Crisis," the second part of this fic's title.

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

- Inspired by [Not Beyond Repair](#) by [ExecutiveCucumber](#)
- Inspired by [Where Your Treasure is, There Your Heart Will Be Also](#) by [ExecutiveCucumber](#)

- Inspired by [I Thought it Was Obvious](#) by [Havoc\\_Iceman](#)

This was *supposed* to be an easy mission. She was aiming to get a lost artifact for the Archium, back in Pabu, which she and others had been fixing up, cleaning the area, fixing the shelves, and everything else. She came across firecracker, a fearless woman, who pointed her blaster at her face. She hadn't been informed that anyone else was going after this one-of-a-kind music box. Apparently, that information was wrong, as she learned, when the other woman touched the artifact at the same time as her.

"Lady, step away from the damn artifact. It's *mine* for the taking," she declared. Phee groused. She had planned everything out meticulously with help from Tech. She wasn't going to be deterred in liberating this artifact. Throwing up her hands almost playfully, she snickered, annoying the other woman.

"Sure, sure, you can take it, but you'll have to get past *me*." She quickly pulled out her laser-pistol and shot at the other woman's hand, causing her to drop the artifact. The woman growled, wincing in pain.

Hiding behind a nearby boulder, she discharged her blaster, using her other hand, the one which hadn't been injured. Phee easily dodged it, as she left, angering her even more. Grabbing onto a nearby rope which lowered down, Tech communicated with her. She replied. "Brown-eyes, I need a pickup." She couldn't be more grateful. Putting the ship on autopilot, he helped her inside and took the music box.

The other woman was not happy with this development. She kept discharging her blaster. She would get that artifact no matter what. Nothing would stop her. Phee shot back with her own laser-pistol, which she had made herself, but the woman dodged it. During their fight, one of the laser bolts hit Phee's shoulder, causing her some pain. As she finally got inside, the shuttle turned around and blasted out of the cavern. This woman had one more trick up her sleeve. Using her arm, she threw a small tracking device she had stashed in her pocket toward the ship. It stuck to the ship and began transmitting. Tech nor Phee was none the wiser, partially because they wanted to get out of there quickly.

She proceeded to call up her own ship, which was piloted by Triple Zero, with assistance from BT-1. "Mistress Aphra, how may we assist you?" the murder-robot asked. She spoke into the holographic device, which she held in her hand. This hadn't been the way she wanted to go. "I need to be extracted from this damn cavern, *now*. We don't have any time to lose." Triple Zero was curious. Why was she calling him so soon? Did something go wrong?

"Did you get the artifact?" he asked. She shook her head. "No, I had some *unwanted* interference." Triple Zero was displeased, with BT-1 beeping along in agreement. She rolled her eyes. Sometimes they were *too much*. "Can it, both of you! I put a tracker on their ship, don't you worry. That artifact will be *mine*. Nothing can stop me."

Not long later, she got aboard the *Ark Angel*. She had a command for Triple Zero and BT-1: fire upon the shuttle. She wouldn't make their escape easy. Triple Zero had glee in his voice as he put his hands on the triggers for the ship's cannons. "Yes, Mistress. How much I love to make others *suffer*." BT-1 couldn't agree more. These murder droids were secret weapons, of sorts, for Aphra.

Phee and Tech thought they were in the clear until they saw, in their viewfinder, another ship quickly approaching. It was discharging its cannons at full strength! Since this was a stolen Imperial shuttle, there were no armaments. The best they could do was dodge. They tried to do so the best they could, but damage from the laser bolts still scarred the craft. Aphra *could* have reported them to the Galactic Empire, which had an outpost nearby. She decided not to because she wanted to take these people down on her own, without their help.

Ultimately, the brief space battle soon ended. Phee pushed forward the lever and the ship began zooming through hyperspace. They had escaped. This was exactly what Aphra had expected would happen. She wanted to use this artifact. She didn't need it as a weapon, but rather she wanted to sell it to gain some extra cash for herself *and* help pay off her debts. The stolen Imperial shuttle, with Phee and Tech inside, soon approached the planet of Pabu, where Pabu island was located. It was their home, for now. They hoped to be safe from the Empire, although there was no real safe place from the war.

They soon touched down on the landing platform. Omega, Hunter, Wrecker, and Echo were there to greet them. They were glad to see them, but horrified at the scarring on the ship's exterior. Tech went back with the other clones, while Omega came out to hug Phee. "Are you okay?" she asked, clearly worried about one of her favorite people in the entire world. She'd be devastated if *anything* happened to her.

"I'm fine. I just encountered some *resistance* while I was there." Tech knew what she meant and the other clones suspected as much. Omega wasn't sure what Phee was referring to. As they walked back to their living quarters, Phee filled her in, while telling other stories about her adventures. Omega was intrigued. Another woman wanted the treasure too? Did she maybe work for the Empire?

Phee chuckled at Omega's questioning. "I don't know who she was, but she had a...unique style. Anyway, I hope you, nor the rest of you, come across her." Omega felt the same way, although she didn't understand why this woman had acted the way she did, claiming the artifact was *hers*. Did she not know its value? Its importance to Pabu? As she fell asleep that night, she thought about all of those questions. Under the cover of night, the *Ark Angel* approached the island and landed in a cave. No one was aware they were even there.

Now the fun could begin. First Aphra had to know what she was dealing with. She *had to* get this artifact. And to do that, she would need to find this woman. The tracker had indicated the ship was on the island, but she didn't know where. She ordered BT-1 to stay by the ship, for now, and for Triple Zero to come with her. He almost cackled, even though robots can't really do that (right?). "Yes, Mistress, I'll be glad to cut some people up for your pleasure." Aphra rolled her eyes. She didn't want that. She had to play it cool. "Not yet, Triple Zero. We need to find our target, then the music box, then we can get the hell out of here." He understood.

They slipped through the town, as people were turning in for the night. In no time at all, they made their way to the landing platform. With everything shut down until morning, they were able to slip behind the ship and take off the tracker. This way, they'd never knew how they got there. Aphra attempted to use her electro-tattoos to disable the ship and cause it to overheat. This triggered an alert on Omega's datapad, which began beeping. While her brothers were not awakened by the beeping, Omega was. She quickly got dressed and got

crossbow ready, slinging it on her back. She had been prepared for this exact scenario. She would defend them no matter what. That's what family did for one another. She didn't know what was out there, but she had to face it. That's what she did for her brothers.

Aphra and her murder-robot were about to leave the landing pad where they heard footsteps approaching. *Had they been discovered?* Aphra ordered Triple Zero to help her trap this person coming toward them, hoping they could get information. Omega wasn't aware she was walking into a trap. She turned on the lights surrounding the landing pad, allowing her to see better, rather than just using her eyes. She walked over to the shuttle and put her hand on the side. It was *scalding hot*. She reflexively withdrew her hand so quickly it wasn't badly burned.

It was then she saw her. She had no doubt it was the one Phee had been talking about. "You are the one you hurt *my* friend, aren't you?" Omega inquired. Aphra shrugged. She wanted to stall her no matter what. "Maybe I was. Is your friend a treasure-hunter?" Omega couldn't believe what she was hearing. Phee would never describe herself that way. Who was this woman, anyway? She remained defiant. "No, she's a *liberator* of treasures from the evil Empire, that wants to destroy everything." Chelli laughed. How deluded was this kid? Seriously? She couldn't believe her.

"Oh, you'd rather side with a bunch of plucky, misguided rebels? I'll pick *my own side* and make my own luck. I'm not going to be forced to choose the Empire or those *idealists*." Omega prepared her crossbow. She didn't even have a chance to fire a shot. She felt a something touch her back. She had been stunned. She looked up and saw a devious robot staring at her as she laid on the ground. "Mistress Aphra, we got her. What shall we do with her?" Pondering for a second, she had one choice. Where else could they go?

"Bring her back to the *Ark Angel*. We'll get the information out of her there in one way or another." Omega wanted to fight back but she couldn't and soon fell into unconsciousness. Aphra carried back limp girl in her arms, while she placed a device on the stolen shuttle, allowing her to explode it remotely. Now wasn't the time to do it, but it soon would be. Everything would fall into place. This wouldn't be a weave-and-dodge action, which she followed through her life, allowing her to evade being killed by Darth Vader. She did the same when dealing with her ex-girlfriend, Sana, who she met while getting her doctorate at university. Since then, Sana had tried to kill her *several* times. Like many of her missions she teamed up with bounty hunters, aiming to gain technology and artifacts. This time it was Triple Zero and BT-1. Other times it would be someone else.

As they made their way back to the *Ark Angel*, she told Triple Zero to get into position. She would communicate with him using a comlink. It didn't take her long to get back to her ship. She tied up Omega using some extra seatbelts she had lying around. However, she didn't put a gag around her mouth. She placed a special substance into a syringe. She injected it into Omega's arm. This would be *much* easier than torture. It was supposed to encourage people to divulge the truth and vital information. The Empire [had used](#) a version of this serum, but this drug had been specially made. She had stolen it from a factory during one of her missions. It had never been tested before she injected Omega with it.

She knocked Omega awake. She found herself tied down on a bench and thought she might be tortured. "You'll never get any information out of me! I'll never betray my brothers." Omega was defiant. Chelli grumbled. This interrogation might be harder than she thought. Thanks to the serum, maybe she could get what she wanted and find that damn music box. She started her questioning.

"So, I see here that your name is Omega. You are on an Imperial bounty list, as part of Clone Force 99, along with four other clones. Is that correct?"

Omega felt she could at least answer that. She tried to resist the substance coursing through her body. She had to. "Yes." She tried to hold her own the best she could. Chelli continued her questioning.

"You were born on Kamino, correct?" Omega began crying. Perhaps the serum had gotten to her, or maybe she just felt emotional about it. No matter what, she suddenly got angry. "Yes, in Tapioca City. The *fucking* Empire destroyed it. They are genocidal monsters." Chelli rolled her eyes. She had heard stuff like this before. She knew that the Empire could do this. Even so, she wasn't completely convinced by Omega.

Chelli kept asking questions. "Do you know Phee Genoa? It says here that she is a treasurer hunter who is wanted by the Empire." She had to ask this, to move onto the next part of the questioning.

Omega decided to answer her again. She remained strident. She wouldn't let this drug sway her. "Yes. And she is *my* friend and a friend of my brothers. She liberates artifacts *from the fascists*." Chelli had finally got to the point where she could ask the main question. She pulled out her holo-projector and held it in her hand.

"Do you know where *this* is?" she inquired, pointing to a holographic three-dimensional image of a music box. Trying to hold herself back, she ended up revealing the information, even though she didn't want to. The drug had done its magic. "It's in the Archium, right here in Pabu." Chelli smiled. That was exactly what she wanted to know. Omega felt ashamed.

She loosened the straps, surprising Omega. She hadn't expected to be released. "You have been most helpful, Miss Omega," she began. While that would have been enough, she then added, "Now I can take that damn music box and sell it for some cash to the highest bidder. I have bills to pay." Omega growled. She didn't like betraying her friends. She grabbed her crossbow, then pointed it at Chelli.

"Fine, then I'll stop you." Chelli whistled. BT-1 appeared. "Take *care* of her. I can't let anything get in the way again." The astromech beeped. Omega attempted to shoot at Chelli, but could not get off a shot because the robot shocked her. She griped, as she was finally getting over the drug's effects. "You are a real nasty bugger, aren't you," Omega began. She proceeded to try and fight off this terrifying astromech. Chelli ignored Omega and walked away.

Meanwhile, Chelli walked toward the city. She pressed a button. The Imperial shuttle exploded in such a loud sound that it shook many residents awake from their slumber. She then gave the order. "Triple Zero, do whatever is necessary, do what you do best." He couldn't

be happier. He'd finally get to do what he wanted. "Yes, Mistress, right away." He started shooting his laser machine gun at full strength while walking down the streets. He began by hitting houses left and right, but especially attacked power generators. This caused more destruction and explosions. The city was on high alert.

Hunter, Tech, Echo, and Wrecker were awoken by the commotion. They realized that Omega wasn't there. They resolved to find her. Two of them, Wrecker and Echo, would deal with whatever was going on in the town. Hunter and Tech would search for Omega. As they did all of this, Chelli reached her target, thanks to convenient directions in the city and a map. She was at the Archium.

Once she made her way inside, she turned the lights on. Everything seemed to be going to plan. She did not expect someone to be waiting for her. It was Phee. "I thought I'd find you here, *Miss Aphra*. You won't get the music box," the woman declared. As they faced off with one another, Phee and Chelli waited for the other to slip up. Laser bolts flew across the room, narrowly missing the artifacts. When she saw an opening, Chelli turned her gun to stun and fired it right at Phee. She slumped on the ground. She had won. "I'll be taking this," she remarked, and ran out of the room.

As she moved full speed back to the ship, she told Triple Zero, on her comlink, they were done. "Mission accomplished. Return to ship," she commanded. Triple Zero complied. "Understood, Mistress Aphra. I'd love to do this again sometime." It wouldn't be an easy trip. As she neared the cave, where the *Ark Angel* was docked, she met two clones: Hunter and Tech. They discharged their blasters at her. She barely dodged them. They didn't intend to stun her, but they wanted to injure her. Somehow outrunning them, she faced three more: Wrecker, Echo, and Omega. She was in a bind. Soon, she was surrounded by all five of them.

She couldn't stop Wrecker from grabbing and squeezing her. The strain caused her pistol to fall out of her hand and drop to the ground. "We'll make you pay for hurting Omega!" he exclaimed. Omega added, "and hurting Pabu! The city didn't deserve this!" Chelli spoke through her comlink. It was, luckily for her, still active. "BT, Triple Zero, I need some help!" Triple Zero answered. He wasn't inclined to help her. "What do I get out of it?" he asked. As she continued to be squeezed, she yelped. "Triple Zero! You get to *kill* some clones. Just save me, godammnit."

Triple Zero smiled. He brought the *Ark Angel* around, with him at the controls. Operating the cannons, he pressed a button and fired upon the clones. The impact blasted them back and out of the way, as they groaned on the ground in pain. Chelli was relieved. She continued to hold onto the music box. She grabbed back her pistol and rolled onto the ramp when it lowered. "See you around, damn clone *scum!*" she declared, as she limped back into the ship. The clones weren't totally out of commission. They wanted to fight. They had recovered enough to begin firing upon her ship with their blasters. But it was too late. The ship left and sped through the atmosphere. They had escaped.

As the city continued to smolder, Omega went back with Hunter, Wrecker, Tech, and Echo to her home. "I almost had her," Wrecker complained, clearly annoyed. Omega tried to make him feel better. "It's okay Wrecker. We'll get her next time." Tech and Echo mentioned her electro-tattoo, saying it was *unique* and said they wanted to get ones of their own. On their

way back, they encountered Phee. She was stumbling around after her deadly fight with Chelli in the Archium. Omega caught her before she fell to the ground.

"Phee, are you okay?" She grinned. She didn't want the fight to go this way, but she was glad it did. "Yeah. I'm so glad I switched out the *real* music box before she came around. I thought she'd do this." She proceeded to tell Omega what she had done, with both having a nice laugh about it. They resolved to help the residents repair the damage that Chelli and her robots had caused.

Back on the *Ark Angel*, Chelli thought the box felt a bit heavier. She opened it up. There was a bunch of food, like what you would give a Pabu-cat, inside, with a message scrawled on paper. "If you found this, you've been scammed." She slammed the box on the ground in anger. As it so happened, this box was *also* valuable! Chelli somehow hadn't damaged the box *that* badly. She decided to call up her friend, or more accurately her ex.

"Magna, how are you doing?" she asked, acting all innocent. The woman on the other end was not happy to hear her. She was visibly angry. "What do you want, Aphra?" she said, coldly. Chelli smiled. She tried to calm her down. "Come on, *Tolvie*. When have I lied to you?" Magna rolled her eyes. She didn't think she'd have to answer that. "Dozens of times. And I still somehow love you. I don't understand myself." Chelli then came in with the clincher, hoping it would bring her into her ex's good graces again. Maybe they could even restart their relationship or something.

"Those rebels that you all want, you know Clone Force 99, including some kid named Omega, are on Pabu. I just thought you should know." Magna was pleased to hear this information. They had been looking for these renegades. Their leads so far had petered out into nothing. "Thanks for telling me, *Chelli*." She then added, to Chelli's surprise, "Maybe we should hang out some time." Chelli smiled. Perhaps this had all been worth it after all. She was glad she'd called her. "Sure, I'd like that. *Love you!*" she said, before turning her holographic communicator off. Magna shook her head. Why was she so attracted to this lovable idiot? Was something wrong with her? Did she need to get her head examined?

As Chelli departed the Pabu system, going off on her next adventure, the Empire prepared to send soldiers to Pabu to stamp out this rebellion once and for all. While her action would certainly endanger the people of the planet, including Omega and the Bad Batch, she didn't care. She did what was best for herself. If Omega and the others knew what she did, they would be furious. What remained next was up to them...

## End Notes

I brought in information about Aphra from pages 76 to 79 of the updated and revised version of "Star Wars: Women of the Galaxy," and page 181 on Omega from the same book. I also took what Cherish Chen said in [a recent-ish interview](#) about "Doctor Aphra: Chaos Agent": "...on her previous runs, I got the impression that Aphra had successfully carved out little nooks for herself in which she could comfortably exist on her terms. It wasn't without hardships but she landed in places where she defined how she wanted to live her life by the end. And that was in the era of the Empire, a tumultuous time for anyone to be living under. A lot has changed in the galaxy in the years since, and we wanted that change to be felt in these stories. I think most folks would expect that things would get easier for Chelli in a time of perceived peace with the New Republic building power and Vader gone. I thought the opposite, that perhaps Aphra would find a much harder time living life as usual. That she'd surprisingly struggle more in peace than in chaos...Now she's more constricted than ever, she's never really endeared herself to folks in the NR [New Republic], and now she has to rebuild an entirely new status for herself. What kind of person is Chelli when she can't excuse her behavior as simply "surviving"?" That was a bit of an inspiration, even though this is set in an earlier area, the Galactic Empire era.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!